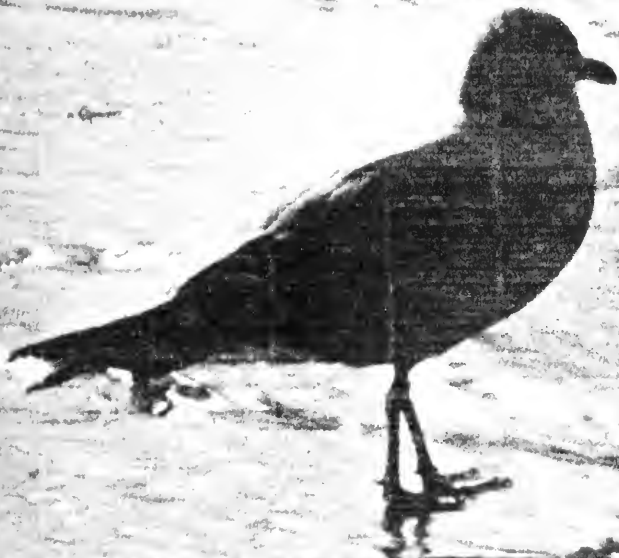



WILLAGER  
1979





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# GLEANER

Established 1901

## SPRING 1979

DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE  
DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18901



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THE GLEANER is published during the scholastic year by the students of Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture of Doylestown, Penna. THE GLEANER is a student publication, and the opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of THE GLEANER staff or administration. Neither the college nor staff will assume responsibility for plagiarism unknowingly occurring within.

*Silver*

*Anniversary*

*Dedication*

This year's *Gleaner* is dedicated to those who have served the College for 25 years or more.



Dr. Joshua Feldstein  
Since 1942



Frederic S. Blau  
Since 1950



Jean H. Work  
Since 1950



Abraham Pellis  
Since 1943



Dr. Jesse Elson  
Since 1946



Dr. Peter Click  
Since 1948



Dr. Tibor Pelle  
Since 1952



Oskar H. Larson  
Since 1954



Lionel M. Adelson  
Since 1954

## “The Letter”

In the form of a letter a deep friendship came to be  
Expressing our true, open feelings made everything plain to see.  
The honesty and happiness that is shared over the miles  
Can help relieve depressing thoughts and change deep  
frowns to smiles.  
Seeing the envelope all white and crisp and neat  
Relieves the miserable lonely pains, and wipes away defeat.  
Though the distance may be far, we'll always remain good friends,  
As long as the words are written our friendship will never end.

*Jill Bitner*

## “Magnetism”

Feel the tingle, see the sparks  
Touch the electricity in the dark.  
Smell the odor in the air  
That makes me realize that you're always there  
Feel the attraction like a magnetic force  
Pulling us together from an unknown source.  
Spiritual unity makes us two in one,  
Stay with me forever, until my life is done.

*Jill Bitner*

Oh, that August has come to me!  
And I, not ready, or not aware  
of its arrival,  
have been detained in months ago  
which have yet to become a part of my past.

*Karen Frey*



I have found out that some  
Friendships are worse than  
any kind of war.  
You both start out like buds  
on a Flower, but soon  
time lapses, moods change  
And then the buds open  
with thorns emerging on  
the stem.

**Kay**

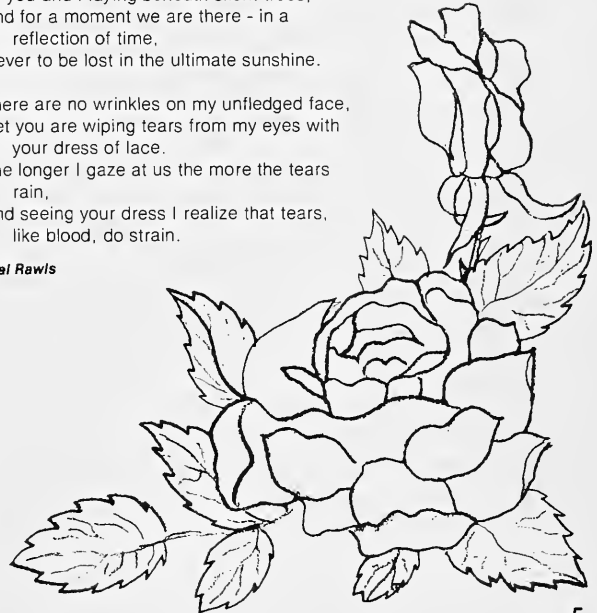
## spectres

Looking into the pool I see reflections of  
days gone by -  
I was young, and could not possibly die.  
The face in the water is wrinkled by the  
dropping of a stone,  
And long ago memories chill me to the bone.

The twisting ripples bring back sweet memories -  
Of you and I laying beneath silent trees;  
And for a moment we are there - in a  
reflection of time,  
Never to be lost in the ultimate sunshine.

There are no wrinkles on my unfledged face,  
Yet you are wiping tears from my eyes with  
your dress of lace.  
The longer I gaze at us the more the tears  
rain,  
And seeing your dress I realize that tears,  
like blood, do strain.

**Mei Rawls**



## On Last Looking Into "The Odyssey"

Much have I struggled through long parts,  
And many strange creatures seen;  
Across many lands have I been  
With inhabitants wise in black arts.  
Continue on, only those with stout hearts.  
The conclusion — pure, serene  
The return of the owner to his demesne,  
Never again will be said, "He departs."  
Finished, free as a bird in blue skies.  
Without worries for correct translations,  
And more small print for bloodshot eyes,  
But, others must pass through these locations.  
As for me, I bid sweet bye-byes,  
"Farewell, ye ancient civilizations!"

*Sally Garber*

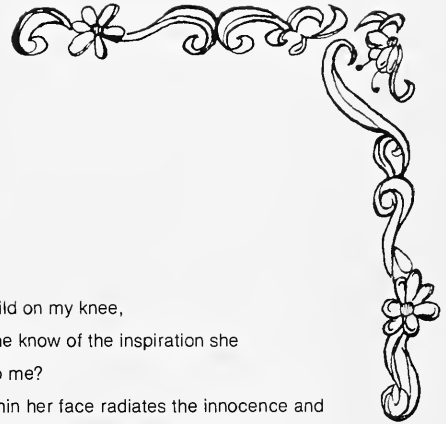


## Blah—

I'm tired of being put down  
I'm almost ready to quit  
I'm sick of changing my everyday ways  
To make myself seem to fit.  
If people can't accept me,  
If they can't conform,  
Why should I change my lifestyle  
Only to make me warm.  
It isn't worth the hassle  
It isn't worth the distress  
Because the people I want to  
Never seem impressed.  
They never recognize me  
They never glance my way  
I'm tired of being "a nothing"  
Is what I'm trying to say.  
I want to be somebody  
I want my name to be known  
But there is no simple solution  
And I often end up alone.  
Sometimes I am lonely  
Sometimes I'm afraid  
But no matter the circumstances  
My smile will never fade.

*Jill Bitner*





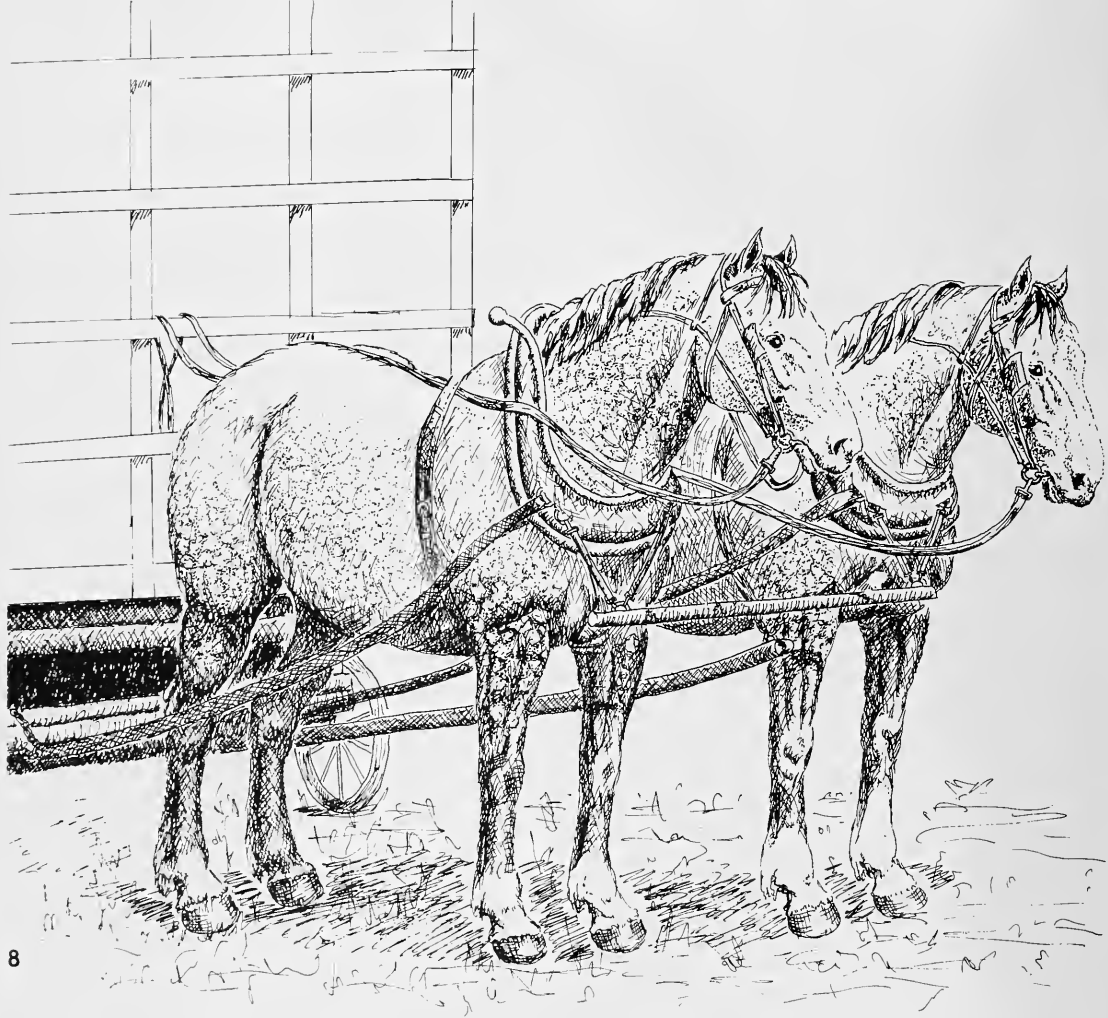
This child on my knee,  
does she know of the inspiration she  
gives to me?

Within her face radiates the innocence and  
unknowing curiosity so difficult to find  
in a world of monotonous and side glancing faces.

This child on my knee  
does she know of the faith she gives to me?  
Her impish grin and chunkling laugh,  
give confidence to me at last,  
to venture out in a world of carbon  
copies without becoming a duplicate myself.

This child on my knee  
She knows of these things she gives to me,  
but questions me not, for love is free  
and the same thing goes for you and me.

**Tom Richardson**





I'm the Gypsy Queen  
What does it mean?  
I'm the Gypsy Queen  
I'll tell you what I mean;  
Look into my eyes and see the moon,  
In my smile shines the sun,  
There's healing in my touch,  
Power in my presence.

I'm the Gypsy Queen  
What does it mean?

I'm a King  
I'm a Queen  
I'm love  
I'm hate  
I'll make you

or I'll break you

But I'm the Gypsy Queen,  
Tell me, What does it mean?

**GDBS**



## **“The Blindman”**

He faces the world with a stick in his hand  
He looks, but doesn't see, when he walks on the land.  
He hears and he listens, he touches and smells  
Living a life in darkness must come close to hell.  
The times that he worries about where to go next  
For matters such as these, he can't consult a text.  
People tend to avoid and ignore him because of his handicap  
His lack of ability to see things as they are often creates a gap.  
A gap in the way his life is scheduled and run  
Because of a reason, beyond his control, he'll never see the sun.  
Don't pity him, because he'll resent your sympathy  
After all, he isn't dumb, it's just that he can't see.

*Jill Bitner*

I gathered stars for one night stands,  
ready to search, ready for love.  
Only to lose my dignity for a body next to mine.  
Why did I not see the stardust in your eyes in  
the reflection of my dreams?

*Michael Oslapinshi*

## “Fate”

No one hears my cry of despair  
Or maybe they hear it but they just don't care.  
They're all wrapped up in problems of their own  
Now there's no warmth, I'm chilled to the bone.  
The coldness has nothing to do with the weather  
My mind goes wandering and becomes light as a feather.  
Friends ask “what's wrong” but it's only polite  
Hopefully happiness will come into sight.  
I have learned to accept my unwelcome fate  
But I need someone to help me before it's too late.

*Jill Bitner*



## A Living Death

Alone in the world,  
And nobody on your side;  
Your life continues,  
But, in essence, you died.

There is no one to talk to;  
There is no one to care for,  
You walk “through” life,  
For you enter no doors.

Agony and suffering—  
Deep, sharp pains in one's heart—  
Show no signs  
To diminish, cease, or part.

Your feelings are gone;  
And there's nothing to share;  
Death approaches faster,  
But you no longer care.

Maybe “that's” a life;  
A new chance to “live”,  
Hoping this time,  
You can receive, share and give.

*Scott Abrams*

## Passing Through Life

With conception at birth, born is a man;  
A new being created, inherent is a given plan.

As he enters this world through the light that beams,  
He carries with him his hopes and dreams.

Enclosed is contained his wisdom and knowledge,  
The source of strength leading him from elementary school  
to college.

Although he pursues a directed mission,  
He is given a mind, the ability in making decisions.

In his life he encounters joy and despair,  
But still ahead lies his most tragic fear.

For death is the end of living,  
And to all his fellow men, the termination of  
sharing, caring, and giving.

His life has terminated, for he has no control;  
Death, the end mark of living, is the signal indicating  
the accomplishment of his goal.

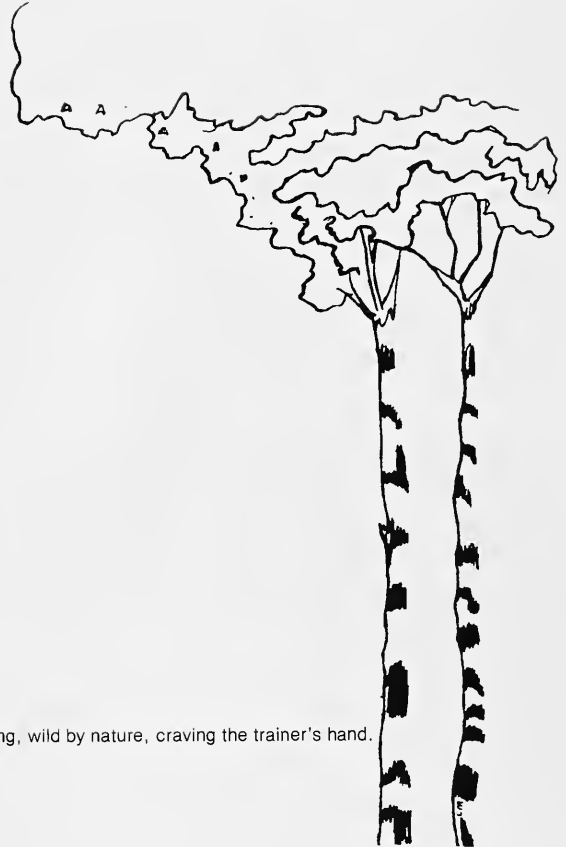
Although his physical existence did indeed depart,  
His spirit and memories do undoubtedly live on  
in one's heart.

His life is remembered for all the good things he achieved,  
And now to continue mankind new life must be conceived.

**Scott Abrams**

I am for the taming, wild by nature, craving the trainer's hand.

**Karen Frey**







## **“An Artist”**

Globber on paint of many different colors

Making scenes of nature and maybe one or two others

Working with clay, with crayons, and with chalk.

Sketching a scene comes as natural to you as spotting  
prey comes to a hawk.

It takes inborn talent and the ability to create

Developing this ability can open many a gate.

People come from miles around to admire your works of art

The beauty brought out from inside you is from your  
mind and from your heart.

May time bring success and happiness along your way

Remember that dribbling and daubing can bring out what  
you want to say.

**Jill Bitner**

People are like mirrors;  
They only reflect what they  
want others to see.

**Kay**

## **To A Child**

Don't be like they want you to be,

You'd grow too perfectly to live a life

by missing out on pains and strife.

Experience your surrounding and question its being.

That's the only way to truly learn,

so cast away the molds they've set,

and maybe, just maybe, you'll get there yet.

**Tom Richardson**





## “Realities”

Facing the realities which encompass my world  
Watching how dreams are often unfurled.  
Racing from fears and trembling lies  
Seeing how much my life really buys.  
Trying to struggle and to make the world mine  
Discovering happiness and sadness while standing in line.  
Waiting for opportunities to pass my way  
Reaching out to grab them, before they slip away.

*Jill Bitner*

## SUSPENSION

Flying above my center of existence,  
beyond the realization, the rationalization  
of my own minuteness  
to a space, a place  
in suspension.

*SAKAJAZ*

## Dragon Souffle

Hey you! How about an egg souffle  
With red eyes and breathing fire  
From its long green teeth,  
Puncturing swiftly the burning flames  
And choking smoke, and quoting  
Nietzsche with a lisp in every word  
Dripping hatred into antique urns.

*Karen Frey*

Sitting on a rock,  
Wondering where she's at,  
But the rock was cold  
And I needed warmth.  
So I got off the rock and  
Walked down through the meadow,  
And she moved through the grass  
Like a butterfly in flight,  
Away from me, always away from me.  
I caught her down by the  
Sea, waiting for me,  
To let me have her for a moment  
Before she dashed out with the  
Tide, leaving me confused  
And alone.  
Every night thereafter,  
The tide would leave her at  
The waters edge, and we'd  
Hold each other as the waves  
Broke around our legs,  
Till the morning tide  
Pulled her back out,  
Leaving me lost and alone,  
Wondering how much of our  
Love goes out every night  
With the tide,  
Leaving me alone, always alone.

**GDBS**



## **Whenever**

I'm getting myself together,  
It might take some time,  
But it is worth it,  
Maybe I'm different,  
I say eccentric,  
But neither wrong nor right  
I'll flow along  
taking my time.  
My life starts on today  
and ends on forever.  
Come with me, my love,  
Share and experience with me,  
And love me if it is to be  
for you  
And also forever.

**Michael Osiapinski**



## ISMS

The one essential  
Of an existential  
is me, myself and I.

Yet the unity of these entities  
Adds essences  
Which some of them deny.

For essences and isms  
Are paradoxical chasms  
O'er which no spans exist.

"Mind for Idealism  
And matter for Realism  
Offer no solution,"  
Says I's philosophical pollution,  
"of what me's mind has wrought."

If isms flourish  
Only to wax and vanish,  
When will we see the quietism  
Of existentialism?

*Dr. Richard Ziemer*

Looking into your eyes,  
I wanted to say I love you  
But the words seem  
So cheap for I have  
Said them to another  
When I wasn't sure,  
And I never should have  
Let my lips form those words  
But they did.  
Once again I'm not  
Sure so I'll wait  
To prevent pain by  
Saying those words cheaply,  
But I think I love you.

**GDBS**

## A Dreaming Reality or A Subconscious Gift

Transcending the animals of every kind,  
Is man, containing the vital component, the mind.

His high complexity and integration,  
Bridge the thought process from reality to imagination.

And it is in man's imagination where the diversity of his  
thoughts and feelings are most immense,  
And everything he hopes to achieve - his aspirations - are  
most intense.

It is in the deep portion of the subconscious where man  
escapes the world of reality,  
And unawareably, augmented is the credibility of these dreams  
and diminished are these fallacies.

Subjects are varied in the process of dreaming,  
Covered is a wide range, from rewarding to redeeming.

In the dreams of rewarding, one perceives nothing less,  
Than the attainment of accomplishment, happiness, or success.

In the dreams of redeeming, one may experience pain,  
agony or defeat;  
But with profound interpretations, it will be with goodness  
that he will meet.

Dreams are a necessity of life; for through them people  
are significantly relieved or helped;  
And when they exhibit that gifted sensation, a destiny,  
in essence, is reached, or more intimately felt.

**Scott Abrams**

If you have to  
Ask for your  
Self-Respect  
back. . .  
You lost your  
Pride in the  
Transaction.

**Kay**

If things had always  
come easy for me then,  
I wouldn't appreciate the  
good things I have now.

**Kay**

I sat there working by myself  
intent on getting the problem done  
and to get out of there  
While everyone else worked in groups,  
helping each other, talking,  
and laughing.  
The faster I tried to finish the problem  
the louder the noise grew in the room  
around me;  
It slowly closed in on me,  
I was cornered with my back  
against the wall,  
I was isolated and all alone,  
And then they came at me,  
their eyes stabbing my mind  
until it was a race between my  
pen and their voices.  
As I was about to crack  
I filled in the last blank,  
picked up my books  
and left; leaving the roar behind  
I entered the quiet hallway  
and shut the door.

The loneliness will have no place to hide if we give it no room to cry.

**Karen Frey**

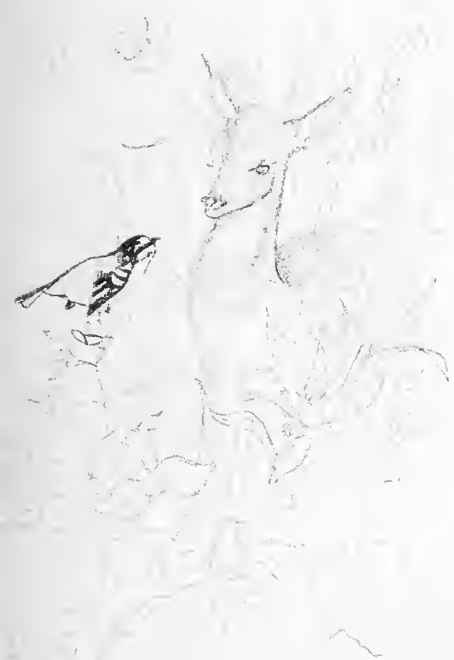
I've waited all this  
time to be me.  
And yet, when I speak  
For myself no one listens  
Then, if I follow others,  
I'm only someone's stepping stone.  
Therefore, I've chosen  
to be my own company.

When I saw myself clearly in the mist, I then understood  
the complexity of my own individuality.

**Karen Frey**

**GDBS**





## CHRISTMAS ON THE ISTHMUS

"Twas the night before Christmas  
In this tropical land,  
Not a thing was stirring  
Excepting our fan.

The Canal was all silent  
Folks shared the same fear  
Without any snow  
How could Santa get here?

Then out at the pier  
There arose such a clatter,  
We rushed to our porch  
To see what was the matter.

From his Gig to the seawall  
Santa leaped with a bound,  
Then sprang to our rooftop  
And stood looking around.

Then he said with a chuckle:  
"By jumpin' yimminy. . . .  
First they don't have the snow  
Now - they don't have a chimney!"

Inside of a twinkling,  
With steps light and sure  
He swung from the rooftop  
And entered our door.

Our stockings we'd hung  
By the window with care,  
Scarcely hoping Saint Nicholas  
Would ever look there.

But he found them O.K.  
And went to work with a grin  
The lack of a fireplace  
Couldn't stop him!

He pushed back his cap,  
Ran a hand through his hair,  
Then left presents galore  
In a big bamboo chair.

He mopped his wet brow  
And sighed with great patience,  
As he jokingly mumbled,  
"What a place to be stationed!"

Each home he visited  
With the very same vim,  
And when he had finished  
He went for a swim.

Then he boarded his Gig,  
And we all heard him say,  
"It's not a white Christmas,  
But I made it O.K."

And we heard him exclaim,  
As he sailed out of sight—  
"Merry Christmas to all  
And to all a good night!"



**Michael Ridge**

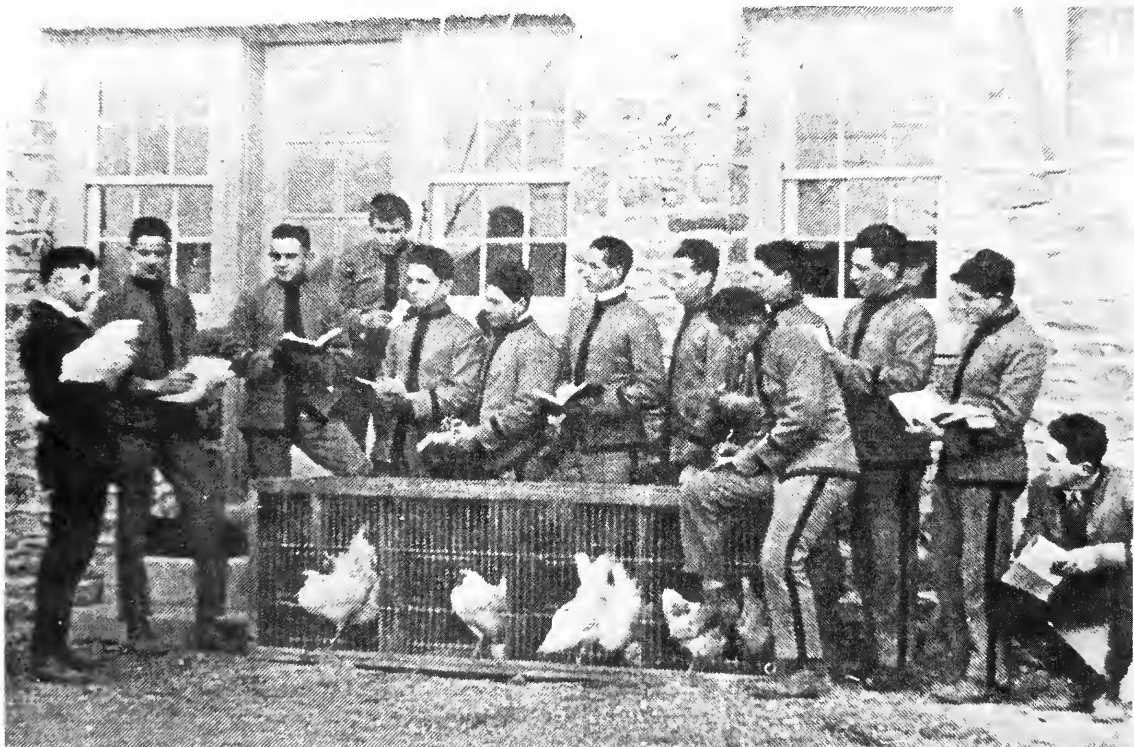
## The Meeting

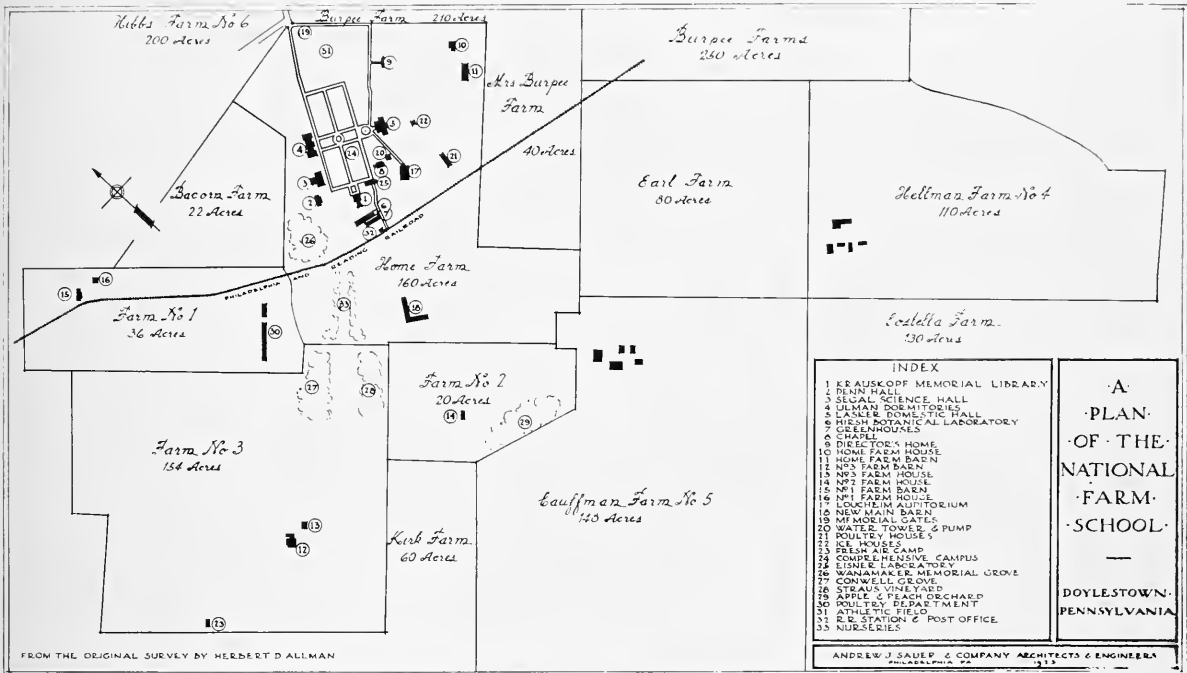
Just last night while traveling across our  
galaxy of stars  
I came across a friend in disguise — halfway  
between Venus and Mars.  
Her face was new, but her body was old;  
And she was lost in a moment of time, or  
so I was told.  
It seems she once had a lover who pierced  
her heart,  
Then turned and left with his new conquest,  
still broker apart.  
“What a sad story,” I said depressingly,  
But then what did I care — for I had  
been he.

**Mei Rawls**



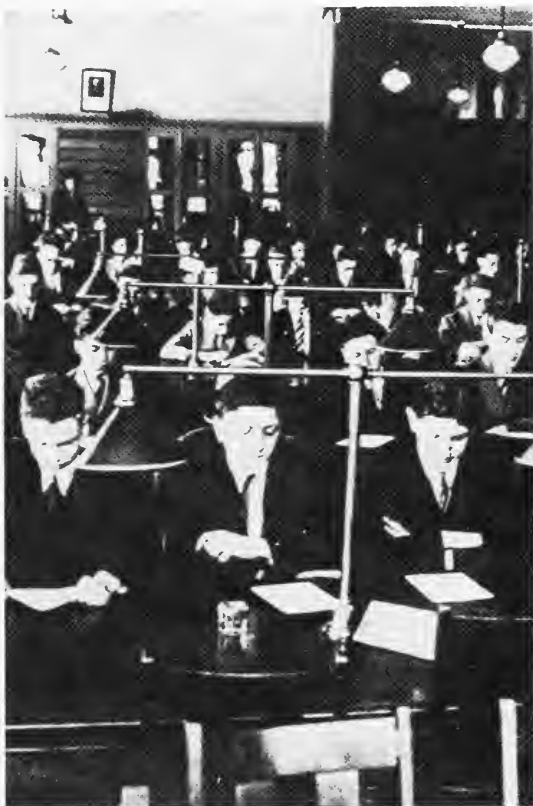
**A Pictorial History of the National Farm School  
National Farm College, Delaware Valley College**





A  
 PLAN  
 OF THE  
 NATIONAL  
 FARM  
 SCHOOL

DOYLESTOWN,  
 PENNSYLVANIA



In the year 1927, Abraham Rellis enrolled in The National Farm School. He entered a world which is completely different from the one we encounter today. In the 1920's the college was a three year farm school with classes eleven months a year. One would attend classes for six weeks, then work for six weeks in the fields or on the farms. The only available tractors were those with steel tires, so the school maintained fifty horses which the students used to plow the fields. The products of their labor were served to them at meal time but as always the students complained about the food.

In 1930 there were 120 students who attended the college; most of them came from New York City or Philadelphia. For entertainment the school would sponsor dances and the girls who attended were from the Jewish hospital in Philadelphia. At this time there was an animosity between Doylestown and the college.

During the 1920's hazing was allowed and the Freshmen were required to wear beanies and were called "mutts". If the seniors became displeased with their behavior they would most likely throw the freshman in the manure pit.

Times have changed since then. Gone is the undefeated football team of 1930. There are no longer restricted areas for smoking cigarettes and dorms do not enforce study periods. The school administration was much more strict then and the students were calmer but as Mr. Rellis said "We didn't know the things you know now."

*Diane DeVore*



**Working Teams Starting  
from the  
Historic “Home Place”**

## Reflections

I was asked by the Editor of the *Gleaner* to write a very brief article concerning the life at The National Farm School. It is my pleasure to recall an era which was the beginning of my happy forty year association with the College.

I enrolled at The National Farm School on April 1, 1939. The school was all-male and very unique in its methods and philosophy of education.

The entire school community consisted of approximately 180 students and thirty members of the Faculty and Staff. The School operated 1,200 acres of farm land. Most of the present Dairy and Animal Husbandry facilities were in existence in 1939. In addition, the School maintained cattle at the Fox Farm and at Number 4 and Number 7 Farms. The Poultry Department operated three houses and produced all the necessary eggs, chickens and turkeys for home consumption and for sale.

The General Agriculture Department farmed 600 acres of land and provided the necessary hay, corn, silage, wheat, oats, barley and soybeans and straw to the various Animal Departments. In addition, the General Agriculture Department had forty acres of potatoes under cultivation for home consumption and for sale. The General Agriculture Department maintained twenty work horses which were used for cultivation, planting, mowing, spraying, etc.

The Horticulture Department operated approximately fifty acres of orchards and small fruit planting. In addition, fifty acres of vegetables and sweet corn were planted for home consumption and for sale. Most of the fruit and vegetables were sold at a school-operated roadside market, presently the location of the Poultry Diagnostic Laboratory.

The Floriculture and Landscape Gardening Departments operated 16,000 square feet of Greenhouses and maintained the campus, formal and informal gardens, a propagation house and five acre nursery.

The Agricultural Machinery Department maintained, serviced and repaired all machinery, including tractors and imple-

ments drawn by tractors or horses.

The lower level of the Allman Building had an excellent and well equipped carpentry shop, forge shop and machinery shop. The ground level of Allman Building was used for storage, teaching demonstrations and repairs of major farm equipment.

During my years at The National Farm School, only high school graduates of high moral standing were considered for admission. A full-time student had to be vigorous and healthy in order to participate in the rigorous and challenging educational program. I must add, however, that the School provided special one-year educational programs for the physically handicapped. This was in 1939, long before the enactments of Federal Laws and the genuine concern for the physically handicapped.

All students lived on campus and were housed in Ulman Hall, Eisner Hall and on the second floors of Segal and Lasker Halls.

The first floor of Lasker Hall contained the kitchen and Dining Hall, while the lower levels of Lasker and Ulman Halls and the Loucheim Auditorium (gymnasium no longer in existence) were used for recreational purposes. Segal Hall, Horticulture Building, Greenhouses, Straus Dairy Building and Allman Building contained the classrooms and laboratories.

The educational program consisted of four terms (fifty weeks) per year for three consecutive years. Such a program offered the students excellent scientific knowledge and practical experiences in all phases of agriculture throughout the entire calendar year. The Terms were as follows: Spring - fourteen weeks, Summer - eight weeks, Fall - sixteen weeks, Winter - twelve weeks.

The Spring, Fall and Winter Terms were divided into two equal sessions, classroom work and supervised practice. The student body was also divided into two sections, each section attending classes half of the term and carrying on supervised practical work during the other half of the term. All students were engaged in supervised work during the Summer Term.



Consequently, every student participated actively in all phases of agricultural operations and specialized in his own major during the Junior and Senior years.

Students were assigned to morning and afternoon "details" in all Departments. This included feeding and milking dairy cattle, caring for poultry, horses, beef cattle, sheep and hogs, harvesting asparagus, cutting flowers, etc. Such practical experiences were very valuable to all students and particularly to students from the cities.

All students were expected to assist with various duties, wait on tables in the Dining Room, unload coal, shovel snow, distribute mail, painting, minor repairs, etc. The students considered The National Farm School as their home away from home and therefore helped in every way possible.

The work was very hard and the hours were long. The students who survived and graduated exhibited intellectual capacity, tenacity, determination, ability to adjust to difficult situations and to people and above all — a love for agriculture.

The students participated actively in various intercollegiate athletic programs, club activities, Glee Club, Band, publications (*Gleaner* and *Furrow*).

The main sports were football, basketball and baseball, while soccer was a recognized club activity. The Student Council and the various classes sponsored dances and concerts at regular intervals. A beautiful Harvest Show was held in the Fall. The Harvest Show was the precursor of the present "A" Day.

Discipline and self-discipline were very strict. There were some problems but they were resolved immediately. Life was not easy. Every student put forth a tremendous amount of mental and physical energy and consequently there was no time for vandalism or nonsense. Hazing was strictly prohibited but offenders were punished and often ostracized.

There was a definite spirit that permeated the campus. All students were proud of the School and supported all activities by being either active participants or cheering spectators.

There was a sense of brotherhood and responsibility.

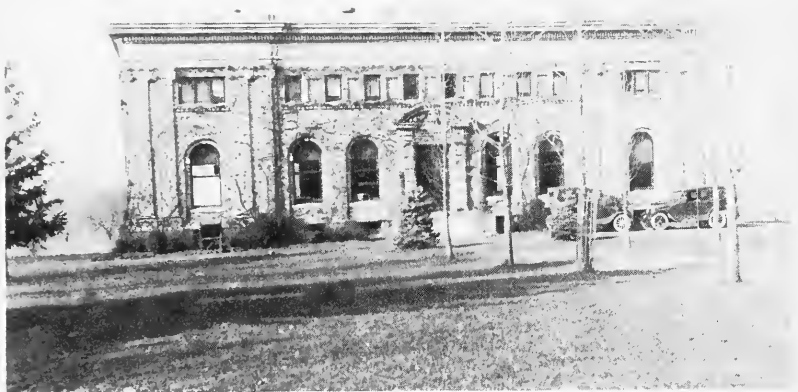
The campus was immaculate. No trash, no traffic on lawns. Students did not hesitate to bend over and pick up a branch, or a soda bottle or paper and place it into an appropriate trash can.

All students respected the inherent rights of their fellow students and the rights of the School.

The National Farm School provided the students with an excellent education and instilled in its students and graduates a sense of responsibility, good citizenship, cooperation, dedication, service, respect for human rights, appreciation for the beauty of nature and the environment and, above all, a love for the land and agriculture which is an art, a science, a business, and a way of life.

*Dr. Joshua Feldstein*









## Looking Back Thirty Years

*Oskar H. Larsson, Registrar,  
Delaware Valley College*

The National Agriculture College that I entered in September of 1948 after a hitch in the Navy was quite different from the Delaware Valley College of today. Since I had been billeted during Navy boot training with 130 men in bunk beds spread three feet apart on one floor of a two-storied barracks building, being assigned to a six-man corner room on the first floor of Ulman Hall did not in any way concern me or those of my roommates who had also been in the armed services. The 150 Ulman Hall students were kept in check most of the time by Mr. Daniel Miller, the Assistant Dean of Students, who lived in a second floor apartment with his wife. Several years ago Penn Hall was re-named Miller Hall in memory of Mr. Miller and his years of service to the College as its Assistant Dean of Students, Business Manager and loyal alumnus.

Through the "G.I. Bill" the federal government subsidized virtually all of the college expenses of World War II veterans. These men had learned in the service to be conscientious students. Dr. Jesse Elson's Chemistry courses stand out in my mind as probably the toughest in the curriculum. I recall spending considerable time in the evenings before exams in the Segal Hall auditorium which could seat 150 students, where several of the more outstanding members of our class tutored us in Chemistry and sometimes in Mathematics. Many of us would then adjourn to the Library for additional study or get up at five in the morning for some last-minute cramming. It is interesting to note that the basement of Ulman Hall had a dirt floor and the only student canteen/store was located in a corner room with a slatted floor.

Hazing was the craze on most college campuses in those days. Even the veterans went along with it and adhered to the requirements, that freshmen wear large name signs around their necks and "beanies" on their heads and recite, on demand to upperclassmen, the College's rules and regulations.

I recall that the "wise guys" in our class were treated to many early mornings in the dairy barn's manure pile. Our hazing also included the stipulation that freshmen walk through the familiar smell of "Ginkgo Lane" to and from all of their meals in Lasker Hall Dining Room. Actually, the six week hazing period solidified our class and increased our College spirit.

Although hazing was usually kept under control I do remember an incident when the premature lighting of the traditional Homecoming Day bonfire almost ended in tragedy. Freshmen were required to build and stand guard over a twenty by twenty pile of wood until it was officially torched on Friday evening of the Homecoming Day pep rally. On this particular evening a sophomore poured gasoline over the wood pile and set it on fire before the freshmen guard could stop him. In the struggle that ensued the freshman's trousers caught fire and his legs were badly burned. Orders came down almost immediately from Dr. James Work prohibiting all future bonfires on campus.

During the late forties and the fifties the College fielded intercollegiate teams in football, basketball and baseball. I remember Charley Keys when he served as head coach of all three sports and had winning or near-winning seasons in each of them. Two of our nationally known football coaches in those days were Hugh Bezdek, formerly the successful head football coach at Penn State University, and Pete Pihos, a former All-American from Indiana University and All-Pro end for the Philadelphia Eagles. Although the College did not really subsidize athletics, the records of the varsity teams were good, with a reasonable number of winning seasons. Along with intercollegiate athletics, intramural sports were popular and many of the student-athletes and the students were also active in the wide variety of clubs on campus.

Speaking of extracurricular activities, probably the highlight of the College year was and still is "A" Day, which was first

held in May 1949. I showed a dairy cow, for the Dairy Club in Allman Building which was used, in those days, for a farm machinery area with a woodworking and forge shop in the basement. "A" Day acquainted the public with the College and afforded the students the opportunity not only to organize the show, but also to work and to compete in their major fields. Undoubtedly, "A" Day had improved the College's image in the community and has contributed a great deal to enhancing its reputation throughout Pennsylvania and other states. It also complements the College's emphasis on learning by doing, a concept I heartily endorse.

A survey of old College catalogues demonstrates that the academic program of today has been greatly streamlined and updated from that of my years as a student. But the overall educational philosophy that combines theory and practice has been copied by other institutions of higher learning. I am highly supportive of the College's philosophy and objectives.

In looking back I can't neglect to discuss the citizenship grading system, one of the most unique features of the College during its initial years. Patterned after West Point and Annapolis, the citizenship grade ranged from 0.0 to 4.0 and was recorded at the end of each semester on each student's permanent record card. Criteria for calculating it included: 1) Faculty members assigned each student a citizenship grade based on integrity, attitude, industry and effort. All grades were weighted in relationship to number of course credits; 2) For every unexcused absence, students lost .25 of a point; 3) Club presidents awarded a citizenship grade to each club member based on leadership and interest; and 4) The office of the Dean of Students assigned each student a citizenship grade based on integrity, effort and participation in extracurricular activities. The four component grades were combined into one citizenship grade. The grade proved effective for the new four year College and assisted the faculty and administration in observing student behavior, building character and encouraging the growth of the whole student. To graduate, students were required to earn a minimum cumulative citizenship grade of 2.0 matched by a minimum cumulative academic average of 2.0.

As I look back over thirty years as a student and a College administrator, I recognize the strengths of a small college like

Delaware Valley College that combines theory and practice and stresses the importance of each student as an individual. Its relatively small enrollment offers each student the opportunity to become involved not only in the classroom, the laboratory, and actual work experience but also to assume leadership and participatory roles in athletics and other extracurricular activities. The success of the College's graduates demonstrate that Delaware Valley College's objectives are being achieved.

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A special word of thanks goes to Dr. Peter Glick who reviewed this article.





### **DAILY PROGRAM.**

The following is the program for each day except Saturday, Sunday and Monday during the school period:

- 5:30 A.M., Rising Bell.
- 5:45 A.M., Details.
- 6:30 A.M., Breakfast
- 7:00 A.M., Inspection of Rooms.
- 7:15 A.M., Drill.
- 7:45 A.M., Study Period.
- 8:45 A.M., Chapel.
- 9:00 A.M. to 12 M., Class Exercises.
- 12:15 P.M., Dinner.
- 1:00 to 5:00 P.M., Industrials.
- 5:00 P.M., Details.
- 6:00 P.M., Supper.
- 7:00 to 9:00 P.M., Study Period.
- 9:45 P.M., Retiring.

Meeting of Farm School Literary Society takes place every Saturday at 7:30 P.M. Monday is devoted entirely to industrial work.







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